

The Historie of

Prince. Well, here is my legge.

Fals. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfayth.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holdes his countenance!

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mille the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the point; why, being sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Black-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:
For *Harry,* now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares:
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in wordes onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfayth, & a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble cariage, & as I thinke,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man shold be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the
tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Fal-
staffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell mee now, thou
naughty varlet, tell mee, where hast thou been this month?

Prince,

Henry the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee,
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiesti-
cally both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a
Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prin. Now *Harry,* whence comes yeu?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle ye for a
young Prince yfayth.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth nere looke
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Di-
uell hauntes thee in the likenesse of a fat old Man, a tun of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunk of
humors, that boulding-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcel
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloke-bag
of guttes, that roasted Manning tree Oxe with the Pudding in
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father
Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taste
Sacke and drinke it? wherein neat and clemly, but to carue a
Capon & eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein cras-
tie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? where-
in worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom
meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Fal-
staffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pit-
tie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (sauiug your re-
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke & Sugar
be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a
sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is damnd: if to be
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharao*s leane Kine are to be loued.
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish *Peine*; but

F.